

THE GLAD I

Merely a Prece of Army Red Tade Sent Home by a member of

NOW ALL I GOTTA DO

TO SEND HOME THE

I OUGHT TO EXAMINE MACHINE GUN HE CAPTURED OH FINE! KEEP IT SHUCKS I WAS GONA SEND THIS SWELL CHAMPAGE TO THE CIE MAN AS A XMAS PACKAGE AN WELL GIT & XMAS BUT . TH' CENSOR WON'T PASS IT!

"IT'S AN ILL WIND, ETC., OR "A POOR EXCUSE IS BETTER THAN

OF YORACIOUS COOTIES HOME TO THE SLACKER WHO IS HAMBING AROUND YOUR BEST GIRL. WHEN HE OPENS THE PACKAGE THE FAMISHED COOTIES WILL START AN IMMEDIATE OFFENSIVE ON HIM

IT MUST BE A SOUVENIR

COLSOON !!! DACK!!

I SET I

THE BATTLEFIELD-IM

MY, MY .- A YOMAS PACKAGE

I WONDER WHO COULD HAVE

FROM THE A.E.F. IN FRANCE

AN ORIGINAL PRESENT - SHIP THE FOLKS A SECTION, OF THE BUSTED HINDENBURG LINE.

Cecocoo CONTE. PRESENT FOR THE GWAN-WOT FOR DO I BUT YOU AINT

WRAP YOURSELP UP HEATLY AND FASTE A LABEL ON YOUR CHEST MARKED -PRIVATE". A CENSOR'S STAMP IS QUITE UNNECESSARY, AG A PRIVATE IS CENSORED BY HIS OFFICERS AND NON-COMS AURE. AT LEAST PORTY TIMES A DAY. THE GREAT ADVANTAGE OF THIS SCHEME IS THAT WILL BE ABLE TO WITNESS THE WELCOME ARRIVAL OF YOUR PACKAGE (LINLESS YOU HAVE ACQUIRED ONE YOURSELF. EN ROUTH)

IMPORTED FIREMEN **GUARD A.E.F. PORTS**

THE FRANC- TERROR BOLVES

MOTHER DIFFICULT PROBLEM

I'M GONA WAIT TILL

GIT TO BERLIN

Yank Engine and Hose Men Save Burning Ships and Even Town

SAME OLD GANG IS HERE

Bunkhouse Has Sawdust Box Eating Tobacco Rules and Yarn Swapping

Ammunition Ship Ablaze

Ammunition Ship Ablaze

Another time a Brazilian ship, laden with ammunition, took fire in the harbor. The crew, thinking all was lost, fled precipately. But the Yanks, booted and hosed, went right into the hold of the burning ship, drenched the inflammable cargo, and saved not only the ship, but the docks and warehouses adjacent. When the ammunition dries out it will be as good as ever for lossing in the Kaiser's direction.

For their intrepidity the Brazilian vice-consult at the port has formally cited the Yank fire contingent on behalf of his government, and soon the citation will be framed and hung up in the bunk-house, just like the trophies of the firemen's field days in the States.

The stations from which the smokehounds of the A. E. P. sally forth are fitted up with electric equipment throughout, and with automatic alarms, the sounding of which by the man on guard also starts the engine.

Makes Record Getaway

Makes Record Getaway

Makes Record Getaway

One company claims a record getaway of 33 seconds between the sounding of the alarm and the exit of the engine, fully manned, from its shed, and defies any fire house in the States to better it. Perhaps, at that, the A. B. F. firemen should give a bit of a handican, since their bunks are on the same lovel—in fact, part of the same building—as the engine shed, and they have no brass pole to shinny down as have their civilian brethren.

In addition to being on call 24 hours a day, members of the fire units, the commissioned officers particularly, are charged with the work of fire prevention and inspection and fire-fighting education throughout the districts they serve. They have to see to it that every barracks is supplied with its buckets and extinguishers, that the stoves in the mess shacks are rightly placed, that the "No Smoking" signs on the warehouses are lived up to, and so forth.

Mess Shacks Don't Count

Such good co-operation have they got in this regard that they say now that they do not have to bother with mere mess shack fires. The local talent takes care of them and handles them well, while the fire companies reserve their efforts for big game, such as possible bustups in gasoline stations, oil plants reads manufician dumbs. They feel more plefense de fumer.

("through some mistage, as ("through some mistage, as ("through some mistage, as the pieces for that particular barracks happened to fit.

One of the signs near a group of ware-touses at a certain base port shows at a workers for and with the A. E. F. It reads:

Defense de fumer. and munition dumps. They feel more secure in this attitude now that they have distributed a number of hand drawn chemical engines throughout the

war has not made these Army firemen

camps.

War has not made these Army firemen any less firemen than formerly. Their bunkhouse is the rendezvous for all those men about the docks and camps who have time off to spend and yarns to spill. It is the same social center for base port mesculinity that the back home engine house is for the ward in which it is located. The good old process of whittling goes on unabated, and the old sawdust box in the corner acts as a target for many a well-directed gob of eating tobacco.

Strange to say, the A. E. F. fireman's buddy is not the M. P., as one might suspect from the relations of cops and buffs in the States. It is the gob, the Jacky who is assigned to help him out in a tight pinch whenever a bluze starts on the wherves or inland. They have called on the Navy many a time, say the chemical haulers, and every time the Navy has made good, and when they doff their O. D. for their old blues after the war they will always have a good word and an extra chew for the bise clad flat feet.

KEEPING THINGS STIRRING IN THE S.O.S.

OF DELICIOUS FRENCH PROMAGE NOME !

An S. O. S. Engineer office sent an officer to the front as conducting officer for a bunch of replacements. He was told to return immediately. He was so long about it, however, that he was finally docketed as AWOL. When he at last turned up, he had to make out a report explaining his absence. It contained the following paragraph:

"On arrival I found that the Allied offensive was about to begin, and that the Engineers were going into the trenches next morning. I reported to the commanding officer, a major. I expressed to him my desire to remain to see the beginning of the drive. He stated that he was willing, and attached me to Company A, whose captain placed me in command of the third platoon, which I led through the entire engagement until the division was relieved. I did not in command of the third platoon, which I led through the entire engagement until the division was relieved. I did not know how long we were going to be in action, and as Company A was the advance company of Engineers and worked so far ahead of the balance of the regiment that we lost all touch with them, I could not very well leave after I had once started."

"One hundred extra men have just come in," said the mess sergeant to the first mess sergeant, on the first mess sergeant. "Put another peck of whitewash in the slum." With flour and water and a few other things this Army's cooks and mess sergeants are every day performing new wonders.

A cook book compiled of the emergency recipes gotten up when the rations were delayed would be a winner.

Attached to the office of the Attending Surgeon, Hq., S. O. S., is a French doctor who treats the French civilian employees. One of his patients has been suffering from a severe abscess on her leg and the other day he had one of the Army ambulances take her to the hostital.

pital.

The next day he called again, gave the same name and address, and said he wanted the patient taken to the hospital.

"But," he was told, "we took that woman to the hospital tast evening."

"I know," he said, "but she forget to take her bread ticket, and had to walk back home and get it."

Visions of an immediate cessation of hostilities, formed from a premature interpretation of recent news, caused a certain dusky member of a Labor Batialion to linger en villa somewhat after taps one uight not long ago.

Despite the fact that his natural campullage helped somewhat to shield him from observation off the way to his barracks, an M. P. managed to spot the prairies, and the product of the control of the mature celebrant and soon had him bileted behind armed guards and barbed wire.

leted behind armed guards and barbed wire.

Next day the culprit was brought before a summary court officer.

"Well, Private Brown," demanded that functionary, "have you any excuse to offer for your presence in town after hours last night?"

"I ain't '2ackly got no 'scuce, ro' honor," repiled Private Brown, "but I got a reason."

"Well, what is the reason?"

"Twus sumpth" w'at them Frenchies culls 'Encore."

Twenty men of Company E. — Engineers, went out on a truck one Wednesday to a new and unplowed, unplotted site. By Friday night they had crected in all completeness four barracks buildings, 20 by 100 feet.

Ten men of the same outlit, generaled by one Corporal Irwin, have kept up a record of a barracks a day. One day they were all through with their building in seven hours; but they make haste to add that this record does not stand, as ("through some mistake," they say) all the pieces for that particular barracks happened to fit.

Defense de fumer.
No smoking.
E prohibido fumar.
Esta prohibido fumar.
Cam hut thuöc.
And the next line is Chinese.

And the next line is Coinese.

Not all the salvaging work in the S.O.S. is confined to the department bearing that name. In one base section this plan is put through for the reclamation of tin and solder from cans:

A conical hole, ten feet in diameter at the top and five feet deep, is due, and the cans are placed in it and burned. The solder melts and collects in the bottom of the pit, and is removed once a week. At one camp the system yielded 60 tons of solder a week after it got going, and as a consequence camp commanders in the district have been ordered to put the method into operation collecting the tin cans from the kitchens and burning them daily, then flattening them out and salvaging them.

The model café of the S. O. S. has een found—if a café can be called mod been found—if a café can be called model. It was constructed after the Americans came, and for their trade and use alone.

It is a large barrack-like affair, tar-

papered on the outside and at night tare habited on the inside, in part at least, its interior is all new wood work, scrup; ulously scrubbed plain board tables, and spandy clean bar. Perhaps one of the treasons for its cleanliness is the sign which it sports in several places:

"This café must be respected, so make your police yourself."
In consequence, there isn't a single eigeractic butt on the floor.
Besides the inevitable signs of the Entent, such as intertwined French and American flags, there are other signs worthy of notice besides the "For Sot diers only" on the outside. Anxious and correct Boston or Brooklyn pastors would delight in the wording of: "Soldiers are requested not to introduce any formale into this establishment." But the set of all, perhaps, is the nice sense of differentiation shown by the three on trance posts, which, after pointing the way for the "Couleured" brethere to Enth is many place and that not for all the wealth of the Banque de France Sould will be set of all, perhaps, is the nice sense of differentiation shown by the three on trance posts, which, after pointing the way for the "Couleured" brethere to Enth is many place of a long property of which is music, would probably be interested.

Three companies of colored Engineers at a big medical supply depot somewhere in southern France have three masseds of which they think the world. One is both, the baboon. One is Smoke, a little black French dog. One is Peoria, a li'l yallor dog.—a real O, D. brindle.

Bobb is no respected, one sergennt with the united glee of a tusy inspecting of little dog's ears, a trail bitterly received by the guardians of Smoke and Peoria, but filling little dog's ears, a trail bitterly received by the guardians of Smoke and Peoria, but filling little dog's ears, a trail bitterly received by the guardians of Smoke and Peoria, but filling little dog's ears, a trail bitterly received by the guardians of Smoke and Peoria, but filling little dog's ears, a trail bitterly with the process of the company streets

Railroading in France isn't so essentially different from railroading in Louisiana, as the sergeants in charge of some of the negro Engineers have found out. Whenever they want a particularly heavy piece of equipment moved, they just start to eroon the old song:

De ole hen duck said to de drake, bey ain't no crawfish in dis lake.

Let's—DIVE—no the odder SIDE!

At the word "dive" everybody takes

Knights of Columbus Club House

27 Blvd Malesherbes EVERYBODY WELCOME

Peoria, but hing with delight his own adherents.
"Dey eain't fahnd a dowg in all dis yere camp wou'll stain' up agin him," they chuckle, when Bobo swings his long arms and lopes after some mongrel that has strayed in.

Not so long ago, a pathetic scene might have been witnessed on one of the company streets. Smoke was being carried along, in a cowering, timid state bordering on shell shock or mental collapse, by a great hulking Stevedore, who was attempting to soothe him.
"Doan' yo' keer, Smoke," he crooned.

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Mr. Orpheus, who moved rocks with rather tearful appreciation. "Wassall dem streaks ob lightnin' and

"Doan' you bother a bit if folks laughs at yo'. Even if yo' cain't faht no B comp'ny monkeys, you's de best li'l blaick dowg as ever wuz borned een Fraince, so yo' is!"

dat dere wreathe o' flowahs on yo' arm mean, cap'n?" inquired the dark one. "That means I'm a master signal elec-trician." the owner of the arm informed him

irician," the owner of the arm informed him.
"Lawdy" exclaimed the questione.
"Been in de Ahmy a long time, huh?"
"No, just a little over a year,"
"less a year! Mean to tell me you got up as high as all dat in one li'l wah?"

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